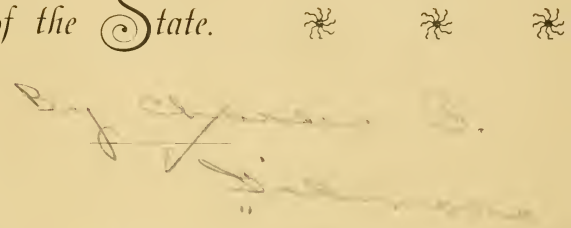
PS 1744
.G67
Copy 1

A Child of the State.



"The fate, which from my earliest years
Hath made so dark the path I tread,
Hath taught thee too, perchance, such tears
As I have learned to shed."

—To Cordelia, (Meredith).

Copyright, 1891, Chas. F. Gilmore.

BROWER PRINT, SAN JOSE, CAL

PS 1744
.G67

A Child of the State.

Hark, the mournful sound of sadness,
From the cottage o'er the wall!
Listen, how the wind is moaning
Through the elm trees, great and tall!

Strange you've never heard the story,
Why the old place seems so sad;
Why so bleak and left in ruins,
'Mid the flowers so gay and glad!

Never heard that in that cottage,
There beneath the old trees' shade,
Burdened by the sins of others,
Lives a lonely, care-worn maid.

Guardians who with joy should bless her,
In her childhood broke her heart,
And their later rod of iron
Made her very nature smart.

O'er her life a cloud was resting,
Love alone could e'er dispel,
Not a cloud of her own fancy,
But a proof that others fell.

She a maiden pure as snowflake,
But this shadow on her life
Made her feel that she was guilty,
Urged her onward in the strife.

Not a week without a hardship,
Nor a day without a tear,
For her heart was sad and heavy,
And her life was dark and drear.

There's a law of compensation,
Though the world does pass it by,
And true justice God will render,
In the realms beyond the sky.

. . . . . .

Listen now, I'll tell the story,
One you've often heard before,
But perhaps there'll be some blending
From the artist's gilded store.

Many years ago, say forty,
In a wild and lonely State,
Lived a maid of fearless nature,
Who cared not for fame nor fate.

Full of life and gay as fashion,
Guiltless as a playful child,
Some dared name her 'fast' and 'fickle',
Others called her 'very wild.'

True in form and fair in feature,
She was sought by many a swain,
But in gentle words she told them
They had asked her hand in vain.

But at last her heart was conquered,
Yields to love and answers 'yes',
And the day was set to marry,
While all nature seemed to bless.

In her lover full confiding,
What a seed of pain was sown!
For he dared to rob the maiden
Of her virtue—lost his own.

Then from her the wretch departed,
For his love had turned to hate,
And in spite of all her pleading
She was left to mourn her fate.

Time went on apace, the springtime
  Passing by, and summer's hours
Brought no ease to Julia's troubles,
  Nor did autumn's fairest flowers.

Hope had fled, but days of darkness
  Could not hide the maiden's shame,
Nor could all of human kindness,
  Purify her tarnished name.

He who thus had wrought the ruin,
  Walked the streets with haughty tread,
And the world, so man-forgiving,
  Heaped up honors on his head.

There's a law of compensation,
  Though the world does pass it by,
And true justice God will render,
  In the courts beyond the sky.

. . . . . .

Came the child, a little maiden,
Eyes were brown and auburn hair,
And all knew she came a creature
Doomed to sorrow and despair.

She was borne through months of sorrow,
Sure to be a child of woe,
For in all of life's dominion
Nature's mold hath made it so.

And at once her thoughtless kindred,
Wove for her the woof of pain,
And they sowed for future reaping
What would surely yield again.

So she called her grandpa 'father'
And her grandma 'mother,' dear,
And her mother 'sister Julia'
Till she reached her fourteenth year.

There's a law of compensation,
Though the world does pass it by,
And true justice God will render,
In the world beyond the sky.

. . . . . .

In a city home they settled,
Sought to hide the family shame,
But no plague can ever travel
Like a tarnish on a name.

And the Child of State was taunted,
Often shunned by playmates dear,
But the reason to the maiden,
Never yet had been made clear.

When she learned her true relation,
God but knows the grief she bore,
And on bended knees she pleaded,
Why she was not told before.

Oh, thou happy hours of childhood!
Why so soon art flown away?
Life to her is only shadow,
Whether sad or whether gay.

Though her soul is pure as crystal,
Yet the weight of others' fall
She must bear in Christian meekness,
And obey their haughty call.

There's a law of compensation,
Though the world does pass it by,
And true justice God will render,
In the realms beyond the sky.

. . . . . .

Few are born to wander singly,
And alone bear Time's duress;
Human hearts are not completed
Till they pair in Love's compress.

So again the heart of Julia,
  Now a woman strong and fair,
Was besought by many suitors
  Willing in her shame to share.

He who won was not a favorite
  At the fireside of her home,
And the words of opposition
  Fiercely fanned the flame that shone.

So beyond parental portals
  Words were said which made them one;
He a man of reckless morals,
  She a wife of Christian tone.

Oh, the matchless love of woman,
  Bending oft to deeds benign,
Breaks the chains of man's rough nature,
  Turns his thoughts to things divine.

There's a law of compensation,
  Though the world does pass it by,
And true justice God will render,
  In the world beyond the sky.

. . . . . .

Time's swift wings now waft us onward,
  Thirteen years are left behind,
And the child is now a woman,
  With a true and noble mind.

Like the gold made pure by heating
  Till the dross is burned away,
So Annette now shows true metal,
  Purified by life's fierce ray.

Slight the tinge of tender pathos
  Made more sweet the lovely face,
And the modest, home-like bearing
  Touched her form with model grace.

For herself she claimed no service,
But to God were all things due;
And she lived for those who loved her,
For her friends whose hearts were true.

Few are born to wander singly,
Cupid's darts to thrust aside.
God has planned that man and maiden
Heart to heart in love confide.

Yet to her still clung the phantom,
Ever rising, ever clear,
That she had no right with others,
But to love, respect and cheer.

Many sought to win her favor,
Many sought to win her heart,
But no man could make advances
Past the line of friendship's part.

Till at last, by involition,
Some strange power the barrier broke.
Some strange power—we say it truly,
Made the sure but silent stroke.

For thrice o'er, by invitation,
Now a youth was urged to come,
And with her to spend the evenings
In her foster father's home.

So not once the young man faltered
Till he met the maid's request;
Till he found a place beside her,
And a place within her breast.

Many miles from scenes of childhood,
No one knew the family shame,
Nor once dreamed that such a creature
Bore a tarnish on her name.

But her heart, so true and Christian,
Had no thought of vile deceit,
And at once, with voice out-spoken,
Poured her sorrows at his feet.

Such an humble, sad confession!
Such a tale of tender woe!
Not a breath of adulation
From the lips so pure could flow.

When we view the maiden's beauty,
And her mien, so passing fair,
Hard the heart, and yet more icy,
That would not be melted there.

In that hour of tender sweetness,
She but sought for friendship's tide;
And she wronged her heart's intention
When Love's hopes she cast aside.

But to her still clung the specter,
Ghost-like rising in her breast,
That she had no right with others,
Life for her no joy possessed.

And long days of woe, the harvest
From the seeds by others sown,
Annette reaps, and longs for loved ones
Who will bless her as their own.

Oh, the dreadful viper, Passion!
Sowing pain no tongue can tell.
Many lives it robs of sweetness!
Many souls it chains in hell!

But the law of compensation,
Though all men may pass it by,
Will at last be rendered justly,
By the God of earth and sky.

. . . . . .

Months went by, and he, still wooing,
Often told 'twas useless, still
She would not deny his visits
Somehow seemed her heart to thrill.

Thus, the battle fiercely raging,.
Oft' her pillow wet with tears.
There was none to share her secret,
Not a soul to calm her fears.

For in her whose sin she carried,
She could not her grief confide,
For in youth she had deceived her,
And had caused her life beside.

Oft' within her closet praying,
She would plead with Him who knows,
And from whose compassionate bosom
Holy comfort ever flows.

'Oh, my God, would I be guilty
Other lives this cross to share?
Or go down to death in sadness
And forever hide it there?

'Yes, I love, 'tis woman's nature,
But so much of hate I know,
Dare I leave to precious children
What will surely sorrow grow?

'Shall I choose the love he proffers?
He who knows this child of shame,
Shall I share with him my trials?
Hide in his my blackened name?'

Thus the noble-hearted woman
Struggled hard in dire distress,
Fearful lest she wrong her Maker,
Longing oft' for Love's caress.

Then her lover asked her plainly
Would she be his loving bride,
That to him of all the maidens
There was none so dear beside.

But the answer came evasive:
'If you do desire to wed,
Why not seek someone deserving—
One who was in wedlock bred?'

Then she said her heart was frozen,
And her hopes were drowned in tears;
Nought she had to share a lover
But her shame and woful fears.

Tireless Time now passes onward,
Days and months in turn fly past;
Yielded by his strong persuasion,
'Yes,' she answers him at last.

Days of joy to her then followed,
Such she ne'er had known before,
And she dared to hope the future
Brighter hours still held in store.

But how oft' to disappointment
All mankind is doomed to be,
And to surging waves of sorrow,
Like the surging of the sea.

Ill health came and like a demon,
Robbed them both of pleasures sweet,
So with mutual plan they parted,
Ne'er again, perchance, to meet.

For they knew with health so waning
Married life would be a curse,
And the joys thus brought upon them
For the woes could not imburse.

What we sow will yield a harvest:
Sow to sin, reap sin's reward,
We may hope for benediction
When our lives with right accord.

For our sins will ripen round us,
Other souls will wince with pain
When the evils of our youthtime,
In our future yield again.

There's a law of compensation,
Though for years it pass us by,
And just judgment God will render,
The God of love beyond the sky.

. . . . . .

In a glen within a mountain,
Where the nimble deer doth roam,
There he sought to bear his sorrow,
And to build himself a home.

But two things cannot be hidden
  On the face of man's free earth:
Pain and grief, like Banquo's phantom,
  Will not down from human hearth.

Soon the miners, grim and hardy,
  Ever seeking golden stores,
Blast the metal, build the railroad—
  Soon the smoking furnace roars.

And a town, with magic swiftness,
  Springs to life and hems him in;
And he joins the rush of business,
  Striving hard success to win.

Manly worth will seek its level,
  In the shop or in the field,
And a mind with rich intention
  Rich results will surely yield.

So this youth with trust in Heaven,
And a steady, honest heart,
Soon had seared the former sorrow,
And success had healed the smart.

Still he loved—man loves once only—
And by mail he sought her hand,
She replying, said her nature
Could not yield to love's demand.

Then a miner's daughter wooing,
Years flew past and sped away,
Till they thought to have a wedding,
In the coming month of May.

But how oft' to disappointment
Human hearts are doomed to be,
And to surging waves of trouble,
Like the surging of the sea.

For Annette, this child of sorrow,
Joins the throng in search of gold;
With her family in the village
Seeks a social place to hold.

And against her friends' advices,
What she gained by labors sore,
Self-denying, she invested
In her foster father's store.

Daughters, two, had passed their girlhood
In the home, with Julia's care,
And a waif from widowed mother
Found a place of refuge there.

Heavier Annette's burdens rested
Than they had for years before,
For beside hard menial duties,
She had cares within the store.

And when oft' her hands were weary,
With the ardent toils at home
Never from their play or music
Would the careless sisters come.

And 'twas so, as friends had told her:
Her investment was a curse;
And the profits from the business
Never did increase her purse.

Meeting here, the lovers trembled--
How, but broken hearts may know;
And with health so much regaining,
Secret hopes began to grow.

Love's first joy is not forgotten
Till all dreams of youth are past,
For his cords will not be severed
If nought else in life does last.

And though cares and consolations
Wounded hearts may sometimes heal,
Yet Love's fire still rankling inward
Will their fervor oft' reveal.

So it was with man and maiden,
In these hours when Cupid smiled,
When his pledge and her bereavement
All their peace of mind beguiled.

Since he knew that Annette loved him,
And his love she could foresee,
He, with manly, firm decision
Then decides he must be free.

Calling on the miner's daughter,
He confessed his love had gone,
That he must be just and leave her,
For Annette his heart had won.

Thus the cruel bond was severed
Which would bring him bitter pains,
And, forsooth, would tangle others,
In the same relentless chains.

Then he sought his former loved one
And again he asked her hand,
While his blood was wildly surging
Like the waves upon the sand.

When he spoke the words in whispers
She replied with former care:
'Such temptations as you offer
I've no longer power to bear.

'Yes, I love you, and I'll wed you,
But you know my name and life:
How the taunts will always follow
Even though I be your wife.'

O'er the scene that followed quickly
Sable night the curtain drew,
For the stars now blinked above them,
Sparkled now the earth with dew.

If there's joy that comes from Heaven
All the pangs of life to heal,
'Tis akin to that of lovers
When by kiss their troth they seal.

But the woes of life e'er followed
In the footsteps of her joys,
And no day so free from trials,
But was mixed with some alloys.

When her household learned the story,
How the change had thus been wrought,
And were asked for kindly blessing,
All their love they set at nought.

They forgot their own elopement—
How their wedding joy was marred—
How, because of angry parents,
Sweetest blessings were debarred.

And with fiercest opposition
Sought to drive her from his side,
But she clung with fond attachment
And declared she'd be his bride.

Yet obedience was her watchword,
Both to God and those held dear;
And for months she wept and pondered,
Still her duty was not clear.

'Twas the phantom that hung o'er her,
With her love for what was right,
Cursed by those who should have blessed her,
Made her life as black as night.

Tho' they could not drive her from him,
And a day was set to wed,
Yet she feared and hesitated,
Wishing oft' that she was dead.

When the nuptial hour was settled,
And the youth dared hope again,
Then the sad, unfortunate maiden
Thought her love was not in vain.

Cupid thus was smiling o'er them,
But the smile was mocked with tears,
For their hopes were not efficient
For the changes of the years.

In the hour when consummation
Seemed to cross the threshold o'er,
Then the mother's affectation
Changed their plans forevermore.

In a fit of nervous passion,
Julia fell with moaning cry,
And her friends who gathered round her
Thought she then would surely die.

And for weeks she slowly lingered
E'er again her health secured,
While from all her own relations,
All the blame Annette endured.

So the bridal march was silenced,
And the priest was sent away,
For the storm had reached a crisis,
And the sun shone not a ray.

Crushed at last, she would not marry;
Said it could not, would not be,
That her hopes and joys had sunken
In the depths of sorrow's sea.

Thus, her rights—God-given, if any—
Forced, she yields for woes unsought--
Yields to fate and mean ambition
All her joys so dearly bought.

Oh, the bitter cup of anguish,
Such a soul in silence drinks.
Nought will bring true consolation,
Nought will weld the broken links.

There's a law of compensation
Though all men should pass it by.
Vengeance to the Lord belongeth,
He will pay beyond the sky.

. . . . . .

Now the youth leaves home forever,
Crosses o'er the trackless deep,
And with life to God now given,
Tries to lead the Master's sheep.

Raging fever seizes on him,
In the dark and pagan lands;
Sleeps the final sleep of mortals,
Down beneath the desert sands.

Soon the maid, with conflict weary,
Left the threshold of her home,
And this cottage here possessing,
Joy to her will never come.

For the phantom with her daily
Wanders round the little spot,
And the ones who e'er should love her
Turn their heads and love her not.

And her heart lies o'er the ocean,
Buried with the one she mourns ;
Nought is left to her but sadness,
And the grace her brow adorns.

Noble girl! God knows her sorrows,
Knows the soul so pure and true,
And her cross shall be rewarded
With the crown when life is through.

As He knows the sparrow's falling,
Ever hears the raven's cry,
Will, the Child of State regarding,
Give a home with Him on high.

Still we hear the sound of sadness
From the cottage o'er the wall,
Still the wind is softly moaning
Through the elm trees great and tall.

There's a law of compensation,
All our deeds are judged on high.
God will render to the wicked
Righteous judgment by and by.

College Park, Cal., Sept. 8, 1891.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 211 953 9